

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.

FEBRUARY, 1850.

No. 6.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Sabbath Whaling.

Seven whales in six days and one whale in seven.

New London, Nov. 30th, 1849.

DEAR SIR:

I herewith transmit to you a few facts in relation to my last whaling voyage. The first Sabbath after sailing, the ship's company were mustered aft and our obligation to honor the day spoken of, and my own determination to abstain from pursuing our business on the Sabbath, made known to all. At the same time, as no such arrangement had been made previous to sailing, each one could decide for or against it as he chose. The assent to abstain was universal; and during the voyage I had no cause to repent of the step then taken. A few on an occasion of peculiar temptation did wish to give chase on Sunday. We had worked hard from Monday morning until Saturday night, but owing to the extreme shyness of the whales, without success.

On Sunday morning while lying at anchor, a large whale was discovered very near. Excitement of course ensued, but no confusion; the majority remaining firm to their first purpose. There the whale remained for four hours, so near, that a boat could have been rowed to him perhaps in three minutes. Such a thing occurred more than once afterwards, but our boats were never lowered for whales on

the Sabbath, and our success was uniformly good.

I do not believe that success in our temporal affairs must necessarily follow the observance of the Sabbath, but this, and our own exertions combined will, I feel sure, secure the divine blessing. I have every reason to feel assured that such was the case with us. Most ships lose many whales after they are well fastened to; many sink after being killed. Often as many as one half are lost. We took 3000 barrels, and saved every whale we struck, except three; and these were "bad chances,"—either at too great distance, and moving so fast as not to be approached, or at too great a depth to be effectually reached with the harpoon. This of course shows the good qualities of our officers, and crew. Such a thing is seldom known. Our whales too were large and fat, differing much from those generally taken at the same place.

Again, in the course of our voyage we fell in with several ships which prosecuted their business on all days alike, and we were always uppermost in "good luck." In one instance while in company with a ship which whaled on the Sabbath, we took seven whales working six, while they took but one, working seven days.

The Rev. Mr. Coan has in his excellent tract on the "Sailor's Sabbath" written much of very great interest to the whaling fleet, to every one, from the owner to the

cabin boy. It would be well were it on board every ship and its precepts attended to; for although the owners of ships have done very much for the benefit of the sailor, as a general thing, while away upon the ocean he has not his Sabbath. There is still too much truth in the assertion of Mr. Coan "there is no sabbath for the sailor."

This I say in many cases is too true; it cannot be denied, however, that the condition of the sailor has in a few years past, vastly improved, both in a temporal and spiritual point of view, of which I have had an opportunity of judging in a service of twenty-six years at sea. A sailor's condition, bad as it is, is not so hopeless as some may be led to imagine.

FORECASTLES.

While on my last voyage I obtained a few late copies of the Sailor's Magazine from an outward-bound ship. One No. contained an article in which the writer speaking of the accommodation of sailors, compares the fore-castle of a "whaleship" to the castle of giant Despair; and goes on to say "while we pity the man whose ungovernable restlessness, or insatiable love of gain, or of ambition of advance to favor and office, makes him at home and contented even for one voyage in the fore-castle of an ordinary whaleship, we should despair of elevating a man who could so servilely put his neck to the degradation as to feel no indignance at the insult, or feel happy there." To the suggestion, "it is just as well, they only go there to sleep," he replies, "No wonder, who would wish to do anything else there?" and goes on to say, "What wonder there is so little taste for reading! Such a taste cannot with comfort be indulged. Reading that requires but little reflection, or that is of an astounding character, is all that the accommodations of foremast hands will ordinarily admit of. Did they enjoy a light and roomy cabin, they might often be tempted there to inform their minds, but storms and cold and

fatigue alone drive them there." He speaks of the darkness and desolation of the place, with a single smoky lamp, scarcely flickering its doubtful light upon their cheerless berth; the whole being a comment upon the sufferings and privations of sailors in the *whaling service* and the inexcusable penuriousness of the owners. I have spent the greater part of my life at sea, have been in nearly all kinds of vessels, and with all sorts of men, and moreover have visited many strange ships while away from home, and for humanity's sake I rejoice to say that I never saw things like these here spoken of. I have been the inhabitant of more than one fore-castle, and never was so miserable; never saw things so dark and gloomy; never considered the case of myself and shipmates so utterly hopeless and disgraceful; and if the author of the above remarks could have visited a fore-castle in which I was not long ago seated, he would have seen a ship's crew as comfortably enjoying themselves as possible away from home and friends. In that place was the prayer meeting, sailors joining their voices in singing praises, hearing the word of truth, and kneeling by their chests in praise and prayer to God. Lights and a good fire were always in abundance in that fore-castle; a good library also with a bountiful supply from the American Tract Society. The crew were glad to go and spend their time in other ways than in sleeping, and at other times than in storms and when fatigued, as they would all testify if called on. That fore-castle, and many others, are not the repulsive holes they are so often represented to be.

It is well known that when a ship leaves the merchant for the whaling service, her fore-castle is always made much more spacious and comfortable. To say nothing of the abundance of time allowed the crew in addition to what is allowed in a merchant ship, the superiority and abundance of their provisions, stores, &c., it seems to

me as it must to others that the most necessary thing now to be done for the sailor is to let him enjoy his Sabbath, give him that, and other things needful will follow, and I believe if those who ought to be the friends of sailors would labor, as the friends of temperance have done, as the friends of the abolition of slavery have done, the work will be accomplished, and that soon the abundance of the sea will be converted unto God.

Wishing you and all the friends of seamen great success in your labors,

I remain most truly yours,

JNO. W. BROWN.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

A Sister's Letter to a dying Sailor.

The following letter was addressed to a sailor in the Seamen's Retreat, and arrived the day after his death. It is a sermon. It is full of affection for an absent brother, and breathes throughout the burning interest of a Christian heart for his salvation. Some who peruse this may have a pious mother, who early taught them the lesson of wisdom, and has left the impress upon their hearts—a praying sister, whom they remember with deep affection. You still live in their memory—their hearts are drawn out after you with all the gushing sympathy of love; and you may trace in this letter the interest they feel in your eternal well-being.

Southold, N. Y., Nov. 27th, 1849.

DEAR BROTHER :

Feeling it will be a source of consolation to you in your affliction to hear from me, I take my pen in hand to address to you these lines. But O my brother, what shall I say to you that will afford you any comfort?—Will it be about the things of this poor perishing world ?

Ah! no: Methinks, if I could hear your answer it would be—let me hear of the things that make for my eternal welfare—let me hear of that, which will afford me comfort in this my hour of need. Henry, I hope and trust that the subject of religion, is not an uninteresting subject to you. I believe that it is your intention to seek religion, and now that God has seen fit in his all-wise Providence to afflict you, it would be well for you to consider your evil ways, and turn to the Lord, and with your whole heart seek salvation before it be forever too late.

Brother, I have lately heard from you, that you still linger upon a bed of sickness. God, and *he only*, knows whether you are to recover your health—if it be according to his gracious will—so it will be—if otherwise, God and he only is your hiding-place. "Thou art my hiding-place and my shield, I trust in thy word!" Dear Brother, look to Jesus, trust in Jesus, flee to those dear wounds of his—he is our hiding-place in every time of trouble and affliction—though troubled we are not distressed, in him—perplexed, not in despair—cast down, not destroyed. He hath said, "when thou passest through the water I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Flee to this refuge, afflicted one, and he shall deliver thee. Lay hold upon this hope, it shall sustain thee: he shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shalt no evil touch thee—he will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. Henry, we want a hiding place that is safe and accessible, and Jesus Christ is just such as we need and all we need. There is safety—he is possessed of all power. He is the Infinite and Eternal God, as well as man. God manifest in the flesh: all creatures—all elements—all worlds, are subject to his control and they who flee to him are safe—Do troubles arise? "He can make each cloud of care, and even the gloomy vale of death, a smile of glory wear."—Do enemies stand up

against his chosen? "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision"—Do your sins entangle—and Satan accuse and conscience condemn you—In Jesus Christ you are safe. For there is now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus."—Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again—who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh "intercession for us." Your deliverer is mighty—trust in Jesus and you trust in a Divine Redeemer. Oh! flee to this covert from the storm—a covert w ich no tempest can overthrow—flee to this hiding-place that can never fail thee—Brother, *He died for sinners—for the chief of sinners—he died for you—he came to seek and to save that which was lost—arise and approach him—as the tear of sorrow starts from the eye—and the words of confession fall from the lips, he is there to be gracious—there to bless and to save—he is a mighty Redeemer, and possessed at the same time of human sympathies. Jesus has a human heart, as well as divine compassion. He is the friend of sinners. Dear Henry, are you inquiring, what you must do to be saved? Look to Jesus, to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world! Embrace him and you shall find rest to your soul, and his rest is glorious. O my brother look to this hiding-place, enter in and be safe and happy.*

Henry, I hope in God that we shall meet again on earth, but if it is the will of our Divine Master that we shall not, O may it be, brother, our happy lot to reign forever with Him in Heaven. * * *

Farewell, dear brother. Often, very often will I be found supplicating a throne of grace in your behalf, I can do no more.

From your affectionate sister.

What a comfort to that wounded heart to hear, that her brother died in peace! After great distress of mind—deep anguish of spirit—

when almost ready to despair—he was enabled to embrace the Saviour, and to say—

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear—
He owns me for his child
I can no longer fear."

Yes, he died in peace, with heaven in view—Heaven saw the dying sailor.

D. E. FRAMBES, CHAPLAIN.

Wants of Seamen.

MR. EDITOR :—I have been more or less thrown into contact with this class of men for two years past, and perhaps a few suggestions upon the above topic, which have often occurred to me, may not be unprofitable to your readers. Though applicable to sea-faring men in general, they have particular reference to *whalemen*.

A sailor wants—

1. *A fair understanding as to the voyage before entering upon it.* This he does not always get. It may sometimes be his own fault. The buoyancy of youth brightens the dark horizon, smooths the rough seas, amplifies the narrow accommodations, and softens the hard words and the hard fare incident to the life he covets, and little does he think and less does he care as to where, with whom, and how long his home is to be upon the ocean wave. Without a tear he turns his back upon the dull scenes of his childhood, and with the blue deep in his eye, merrily shakes off the habiliments of the landsman, and with tarpaulin and trowsers welcomes mast head, windlass and helm. He makes few inquiries, and gets or cares but for little knowledge of what is before him. This is both his fault and his misfortune. His fondness for sea life must amount to a passion if stern usage and hard work do not dash his hopes and sadden his heart. But he has no one to blame. His own imagination blinded his eyes and thrust him into his prison. Be his bed hard, his fare coarse, his labor perilous, his thoughtlessness

incurred them, and he must bear them; the fault is his own. He must abide his time, as patiently and cheerily as may be—meanwhile dreaming of his praying mother, and sighing for his home. Had he known where he was to make his bed, with whom and how he was to eat, what perils and escapes of wrecks and flukes he was to meet, he would have thought old ocean a deceiver, and the oil of her monsters easier *bought* than *obtained*. Perhaps his disappointment will wear upon him and sicken him of his adopted element; if so, Jack will become landsman again, having learned one valuable lesson, to “look before you leap.”

Some do “look.” They have before hardened their hands to the same work, and their ears, and perhaps their tongues, if not their hearts to sea profanity, and often to obscenity. Though in one sense it is often “in the *dark*,” yet they know where they are to “leap.” They know the “dark hole” under the bows of the ship; they have sat down to their “grub” on the deck or on their chests, or under the lee of the bulwarks; they have dodged to escape the fragments of their shivered boat, and heard the “whiff” of the descending fluke that hurried their less fortunate shipmate into eternity. They have tugged long at the dying whale, which perhaps at length sunk from their reach, leaving them through sudden fogs and with much weariness, and with no prize to repay them, to toil back all day, over a “chopt sea,” to their lost vessel, and perhaps an ordinary supper. All this they know, and they will have it again. Perhaps they have no better home on land, or having a better, still love the exposures and excitements of the worse. They enter the lists again, and if not trampled on by their superiors, these sturdy fellows will fill the ship with little trouble to her officers, only anxious of promotion, or content at their voyage’s end, to draw their well earned “shares.” They have got what they expected,

a sailor’s berth and a whaleman’s toil, rigid rule and a full ship. They have generally no ground of complaint.

But there is a class who *have*. It would be foolishly credulous to believe every tale of abuse that reaches our ears, yet if the word of officers and men can be at all relied on, there is on the part of those who ship men a *gross amount of deception* practised in the whaling fleet. Flattering and often false representations are made of the ship, its accommodations, character of the master and officers, shortness and profitableness of the voyage, &c. &c., thus creating expectations which the first day at sea dooms to disappointment and chagrin. Perhaps it is his first voyage to sea. No matter what cause led him to the enlisting office. There he receives such replies to his inquiries as induce him cheerfully to give in his name. He takes the boat or car to the place of departure. He is provided at the shipping establishment with a chest and clothes suitable to his new life. He looks at his bill, then looks again, but he tries to suppress the growing conviction that it is *rather* extravagant. But the master seems obliging, and the officers are familiar and pleasant, the ship is newly painted and in trim, and a merry song reaches his ear from her jovial “tars;” the sky is fair and the wind favorable, so he looks at the stars and stripes waving at the stern, and gladly hears the clanking of the cable that is to go down again in distant waters, and bind him to a strange soil. All ready, he is taken aboard. A strange kind of sensation creeps over him as he stands upon the deck and recognizes himself a “raw hand.” But he has hardly looked down where he saw his chest go, and wondered why it should be thrust into *such* a hole, when a stern voice from the starboard quarter orders his trembling limbs aloft. He thinks that *somebody’s* voice has very much changed in tone, but “loose the jib,” and

"shake out the fore-topsail," startles him to do *something* and go *somewhere*. He is naturally awkward in his first attempt aloft, and a louder voice hurls an *oath* after him that nearly brings him to the deck. "What," thinks he, "*it was a law of the ship that no profane language should be used on board!*" Perhaps another *oath* from the consistent master, or under officer, breaks for a while his reflections, while he exerts himself to his utmost at his work, to save them another curse and his own feelings further pain. Sails unfurled and anchor hauled in and made fast, the ship fills away and sails quietly out to open seas. The halyards properly adjusted, and the decks clear, he begins to think of where he is to lodge, and with whom he is to associate. The lewd song and the profane words of those about him, send the cold chills over his frame, and he shrinks inwardly from their companionship. He asks himself "are these the 'likely chaps' I was told would be my shipmates?" The most unpleasant anticipations begin now to cloud his brow. He ventures at length to ask for his berth, and he is pointed where he saw his chest go down. He approaches and looks down. "But I was told," he says to himself, "that the accommodations were every way comfortable." He undertakes his descent, and the first step sickens him; but he "plucks up," and through bilge stench and tobacco fumes, his ears meanwhile pained with oaths and ribald songs, he makes his way to the *place* for which he has exchanged his own soft bed and cheerful lodgings. He throws himself in, but not to rest. He listens to the loose talk of older tars, and realizes that he must be like them or be alone,—go along with their muddy current, or make head against it if he can. He learns that he is bound for *three* years instead of *two*—that the ship is *old and leaky* instead of *new*—that he is to have *no Sabbath*—that the *books are not for foremast hands!* He shrinks from the prospect be-

fore him, and he would give all the oil of all oceans could he be freed from his prison. In short, he finds himself *grossly deceived*. Naturally enough his heart resents the injury. What wonder that dissatisfaction exists among this class of seamen, and what else can be expected but that they should seek their discharge or discharge themselves at the first port they enter? Though this is not the class to give the most trouble, yet who can blame them if they should make some. Sailors are often unreasonable, as well as their officers, and it is generally a dissatisfied and worthless set that desert and give most offence to their superiors, yet who will not say but that the deceived class I have mentioned above are the injured party. Justice would respond "Amen" should they *demand* a discharge, and make the guilty party smart for their deception.

It is to be regretted that offices for enlisting whalemén are ever opened in cities distant from the places of departure. But the number of seamen required in this service created the necessity. But no plea of necessity can justify deception. Better leave the king of the deep undisturbed in his dominions, and their own purse to a lighter burden, or to emptiness, than man their ships by means so detestable. Let young men know *where* they are bound, *who* they are going with, *what treatment and accommodations* they may expect, that *hard work and dangers* are their lot, nor *overrate* their *shares*, nor *underrate* the *duration of their voyage*. In a word, *be honest*, and honesty here, as everywhere else, would be found the best policy. One great source of discontent would thus be removed and a great favor conferred both upon officers and crews.—*Friend.*

T. DWIGHT HUNT.

Why should a sailor always know what o'clock it is? Because he's always going to sea.

Encouragement to Labor for Men-of-War's Men.

A Swedish Sailor restores 700 Rix Dollars—Good effects of placing religious books on ship-board—Vessels of War should be supplied with Chaplains—Ward-Room officers read the Episcopal Service, &c.

In the Appendix of the last Annual Report of the American Seamen's Friend Society we find the following statement:

G. A. S., is a native of Bjorneboro, Finland. He spent his early youth in that city in the employ of a merchant. Becoming unsteady and dishonest in his habits, he fled his country, and six years ago he was hunting along the docks of London for a sailor's berth in some vessel. He succeeded, and came to America, where he shipped in a U. States vessel bound to China and the Pacific Ocean. In the Chinese Sea he was sick both in body and mind. A fever had seized the former, while some words fitly spoken by a pious mariner had greatly affected the latter. On the way thence to the Sandwich Islands he read some of the volumes of the "Christian Library," by which his convictions for sin were increased. He arrived at Honolulu, and was conveyed to the hospital a wretched man. Here the Rev. Mr. Damon, the seamen's chaplain, made his acquaintance. * * *

Gradually his health returned; and about the 1st of April last he came to New York, and on Sabbath to the Floating Bethel, to hear from the Rev. Mr. Hedstrom words whereby he might be saved. * *

He had saved his money and now came up the question of making amends for the dishonest deeds in his native city. He went to his minister, and with him to the Swedish Consul, through whom he got a draft for about seven hundred rix dollars. This he has sent to his mercantile employer, with penitent confession, to pay him principal and interest, and with the request that with the ba-

lance he will serve some others in the same manner. At the same time he wrote a letter to his relations, telling them the story of God's merciful dealing with him.

Glad are we to read so interesting an account of a sailor whose visit at Honolulu will not soon be forgotten by those who became acquainted with him: twice glad to learn that he still maintains a consistent profession as a disciple of Christ; and thrice glad that he should embrace the earliest opportunity to make restitution to a defrauded employer. In doing this, he has done no more than his duty, yet under these circumstances it was a noble and praiseworthy deed. He once asked our advice upon this very point, and it is a source of unfeigned joy, that our recommendation has not been disregarded.

A few additional facts may not be uninteresting respecting this conscientious Swedish or Finnish sailor. He was discharged, at Honolulu, from the U. S. S. Constitution, in November, 1845. At that time, neither the Surgeon of the Frigate or the Hospital Physician entertained any expectations that he could recover. At his own request he received the sacrament, and with the utmost calmness and christian composure awaited his end; but as stated in the above mentioned report, he gradually recovered. At one of our visits to him, he referred to the circumstance that he had assumed a Purser's name, (a very common practice among man-of-war's men), and that he wished me to understand that "William Winson" was not his real name. From the brief record which we have preserved of that interview, we are able to inform our readers of his true name which corresponds with the initials at the commencement of the above extract. "November 26th, [1845.] About noon visited the Hospital, —saw the pious Swedish sailor whose name I learned to be Gustavus Adolphus Silfversten, of Bjorneboro, in Finland. While there I met Captain Percival, who came to

visit the same person. He has manifested, I am happy to learn a kind and benevolent feeling in regard to any of his men whenever they have been sick."

In the month of April, 1846, he made a public profession of his faith as a christian, at the Bethel Chapel in Honolulu. On his examination for church membership, when asked upon what he was building his christian hope he replied, in language we shall never forget: "*The foundation of my hope is nothing which I have done, but simply the atoning merits of a Crucified Redeemer.*"

He left Honolulu in the following June on board the U. S. S. "Congress," but was subsequently transferred to the "Columbus," in which vessel he returned to the U. States. After he left Honolulu we received two interesting letters from him, and in other ways learned that he had not turned back, having once put his hand to the gospel-plough. In one of these letters now lying before us, he makes most grateful mention of his indebtedness to the kind treatment of the Hospital Physician. We refer to this fact to meet the reproachful remark, we have often heard made, that in the sailor there is no gratitude! We believe it is as unfounded, when made in regard to seamen, as any other equally large class of our fellow men.

Some one has remarked that "one fact is worth a thousand arguments." We doubt not a thousand good arguments might be adduced for vigorously laboring in behalf of seamen, yet there are some, whose minds are so prejudiced that they will not acknowledge that it does any good whatever, to preach to, and distribute good books among seamen. May not the minds of such persons be favorably affected by this fact, that a Swedish sailor, on being converted embraces the earliest opportunity to restore 700 rix dollars to his mercantile employer and others, from whom he had wickedly taken the same several years previously.

We confess that we are glad to publish a fact of this description for the consideration of those upon whose countenances might be seen the smile of incredulity, should it be announced in their hearing, that a sailor,—a man-of-war's man had become a converted man, and was now living a christian life.

Materials are at hand, which show abundantly, that other good results followed the efforts made for the moral and religious benefit of the ship's company of the "Constitution," when she sailed from the United States, having on board the Hon. Henry Wise and family, bound to Rio Janeiro, and from thence round the world. Some good remarks of Mrs. W. on the first Sabbath morning after the vessel left New York, had probably more influence than she could have imagined they would! The self-denying efforts of Lient—in maintaining the public reading of the Episcopal Service, were not without their good moral and religious effects! That "Christian Library," placed on board by the Rev. Mr. Parker of the Episcopal Floating Chapel, in New York, was profitably read by some whom he may never meet until the Judgment Day! That "pious marine" labored not in vain, and will undoubtedly enjoy the sweet consciousness of having done his duty as a christian, when some of his opposers and vilifiers are exercising the deepest regret for their wicked conduct! It was surely to be deplored, that a ship's company of about 500 souls, should leave the shores of Christian America, to circumnavigate the globe, without a Chaplain on board, and that too, when the vessel was entitled to the services of a minister of the gospel, and moreover when one was actually offered, but a naturalist taken in his place. It may be asked how this could have been? It may be answered, upon good authority, because in the opinion of him, upon whom devolved the responsibility of deciding between the service of a naturalist and a chaplain, it was

judged that the professional service, of a chaplain, would reflect less honor upon the country, than those of a naturalist! For the honor of a great and christian nation like the United States, we hope a similar decision may never be made, and if made, never allowed to be carried into execution, thereby depriving 500 American citizens of the services of a gospel minister during a three year's cruise around the world. In one other instance, has a United States frigate, cruised in the Pacific, during the last seven years, having no chaplain on board, but for the honor of the Navy, the "Ward-Room of that frigate furnished those who regularly read the Episcopal Service," and one of those officers is about to be admitted to "holy orders" in the Episcopal Church of the United States.

P. S. In perusing a file of the Boston Recorder, recently received, we find a communication from the Rev. Mr. Trumbull, Seaman's Chaplain at Valparaiso. In referring to the influence of good books he remarks as follows:—

"A most interesting case on ship-board has recently come to my knowledge. When the United States frigate Constitution sailed three years ago, the Rev. Mr. Parker, Seaman's Chaplain in New York, placed on board of her, a set of the Christian Library published by the American Tract Society. It contains forty-five volumes and is sold at \$20, including the case. During the voyage, a marine read some of them, and by the aid of God's grace, good old Dr. Doddridge spoke to his soul. He listened, believed in Jesus Christ and became converted. On board of this 'man-of-war' he stood up alone on the Lord's side. He was derided and slandered, but all this did not prevent him from a full and resolute discharge of his duty.

At that time there was no chaplain on board, an omission reprehensible in any administration, which allows a national ship with five hundred men to leave port on a

protracted absence, without any spiritual adviser to comfort the sick and dying. The marine above alluded to, finding no chaplain in the Constitution visited the sick ward and attempted conversation with the patients. The well would jeer, and often the sick would utter rude remarks and unkindly repulse him. But he was not to be driven from duty; his visits were daily repeated and he tried to urge upon all the obligations of the gospel. The Constitution returned home, and I have lost trace of the man, but not of his labors.

The officers of the 'Columbus' recently gave her men liberty to come on shore at this port, and a Swede, speaking the Canaan language called on me. He had been told that I was here. When I inquired how and where he became acquainted with the Savior, he replied 'on board of the Constitution. He was very ill,' he said, 'and expected to die.' A marine whom he accurately described, had conversation with him about his soul and his salvation. He felt ashamed when he first spoke with him, but now he is bold and fearless for God. Difficult as it is to live the christian life on ship-board, yet it can be done. Of this he is certain, for he has tried it and trusts he has been successful. Is there not encouragement for the continued distribution of these little messengers of truth and life?"—*Friend*.

Changes in Man's Life.

About five years ago we saw a man light his cigar with a twenty dollar note of the Farmers' and Mechanic's Bank. At the time he was full of life, and in the possession of real estate in the city of Philadelphia, valued at \$80,000. Alas! what changes doth Time make—on Saturday last this foolish man was seen begging alms in our public streets. He looked wretched, was ghastly pale, and miserably clad. [*Pennsylvanian*].

Some men are wise, and some are otherwise.

*Loss of the Whaleship Cassander,
Of Providence, by fire, at sea, and
the sufferings of her crew in the
boats.*

The ship Cassander, Henry Winslow, master, sailed from Providence on the 19th November, 1847, on a whaling cruise. Nothing occurred worthy of remark until the first of May, 1848; between 4 and 5 A. M., it blowing a moderate gale of wind from the northwest at the time the alarming cry of "fire" was heard. All hands were instantly on deck, and it was soon discovered the fire was in the lower hold, apparently near the foremast, where four barrels of tar had been stowed; it was also discovered that two of the crew—negres from the Coast of Africa—had jumped overboard; I hove a rope's end to one of them, but he refused to take it, and sunk out of sight. Orders were instantly given, and every exertion made to extinguish the fire, and save the ship, but the fire being in the lower hold, and the smoke so dense and the flames so rapid, that no one could enter the between decks; our efforts proved unavailing.

Attempts were then made to procure bread and water, but the smoke in the steerage was so dense as to prevent us—this led us to believe the ship had been fired aft as well as forward. Three boats were lowered, with the customary boat kegs of water, a small quantity of bread, some raw meat, taken from the harness cask, my nautical instruments, and a few articles of clothing.

As every exertion had been made to arrest the progress of the fire without avail, it was thought most prudent to leave the ship to her fate and make the best of our way towards land.

Shortly after leaving the ship, the second mate's boat picked up one of the Africans who had jumped overboard when the alarm of fire was first given. He afterwards confessed that his companion had fired the ship, and then,

plunging a knife into his side, and jumping overboard, said that he was his accomplice, he gave as their reason for acting as they did, their fears that they would be sold as slaves at the first port we entered. I hope it is not necessary for me to say their fears were without the shadow of a foundation.

Being now daylight, it was found that all the ship's company, except the African, were in the three boats; in all twenty-three souls. We found our supplies to be two boat-kegs and one teakettle, in all about ten gallons of water, about fifteen pounds of bread, and some raw meat. According to the previous day's reckoning, we were in lat. 34 deg. 38 min. south. long. 45 west—four hundred miles from the nearest land. No one who has never been in a similar situation can appreciate the sufferings that succeeded. Confined to one gill of water and a small portion of bread a day, in bad weather and obliged to pull against the wind, we soon became exhausted, and had to trust to our sails, heading as nearly towards the land as we could.

Nothing of importance occurred until the morning of the 5th, [lat. 32, lon. 47,] when, about 10 A. M., we discovered a sail; all hands took to the oars, and after pulling and making signals of distress for five hours, we came up with her, and found her to be a Spanish brig, 100 days from Barcelona, bound to Montevideo. He made every effort to get away from us; the mate's boat came up with her first, the captain would not let him come along side, but gave him a rope and towed him some distance astern. I then came alongside, and through an interpreter stated my distressed circumstances, and asked permission for me and my crew to come on board—he refused most positively. I then begged him to take us to Montevideo or St. Catharine's or one or two day's sail towards land. He refused. I asked him to let us come on board one night then, that we might get some sleep and rest to enable us to bear the fatigue and

hardship consequent on a renewal of our voyage. This also he refused. He gave us some bread, wine and water, and then passed a pencil and a piece of paper down to me to write the name of my ship that he might report me. I refused to write it unless he permitted me to come on board, and, against his express wishes, jumping into the main chains I went on board. He asked me if he could do anything more for me. I told him nothing but take us on board. This of course he refused, and I left him. Thank God, such instances of "man's inhumanity to man," are rare, very rare, among seafaring men, and Capt. Dormick of the brig "Alercidity," will have the satisfaction of knowing he stands "alone in his glory."

We again made sail and proceeded, without accident, until the night of the 6th, when it commenced blowing very heavy in squalls; hove the boats to until daylight, by making a line fast to the oars and paying them out ahead. At daylight again made sail, until 11 o'clock, when it began to blow a heavy gale from N. N. E., and we were compelled to heave to. About 4 P. M. my boat was swamped, and we were left to the mercy of the sea. We supported ourselves by the capsized boat until the two remaining boats came to our relief, when all, eight in number were saved. By this accident I lost my nautical instruments and all my water.

The two remaining boats now contained 22 persons, and their gun-wales were not more than six or eight inches out of water. In this situation we passed the night; nothing was heard save the awful pouring of the tempest, and occasionally the voices of some of the officers and crew offering up prayer to the Almighty Ruler of wind and wave for their safety. He heard our prayers. In the morning the wind moderated, and the sea was beaten down by a heavy shower of rain. From this time we had fine weather, and proceeded

toward the land, where we arrived at 5 P. M., 10th of May, on the beach near Conventas, in the province of St. Catharines, Brazil, nearly exhausted, having no water and very little food left.

The mate's boat was capsized in the surf on landing, and Barney Reed a boat steerer, was drowned, he being so weak as to be unable to extricate himself from the surf. Near where we landed we discovered a house, at which we were furnished with water and provisions.

Two days after I left for St. Catharines, to give notice to, and ask assistance from the U. S. Consul there. Shortly after I left, the negro either deserted or was stolen; most probably he met the latter fate, his fears of which were the cause of so much suffering.

I arrived at St. Catharines on the 19th—the Consul procured a vessel, with which I went back and met the crew at a place called Laguna, forty-five miles from where I landed, and sixty from St. Catharines.

I shall never be able to thank sufficiently the Americans in St. Catharines, particularly Captain J. R. Malcolm, R. S. Cathcart, E. N. Jefferson, E. P. Moshea, and Mr. W. Hammel, for their kindness and the assistance they afforded me, both in St. Catharines and to enable me to get down to Rio. I am under great obligations to Messrs. Maxwell, Wright & Co., of Rio, and Capt. John J. Jackson, of the bark W. H. D. C. Wright, for the services they rendered, and the attention they paid me.

P. S.—In Rio, I was told by Lieut. Commanding Tilton, of the U. S. brig Perry, that the Alercidity had arrived at Montevideo and that Capt. Dormick reported to him having fallen in with us; he said he offered to take us on board and carry us with him to Montevideo, but that we refused, preferring to remain in the boats. This I pronounce to be utterly false.—*Whalemen's Shipping List.*

"Truly the light is sweet."

A Sermon,
Preached in the American Church,
Havre, France,

Nov. 18th, 1849.

BY E. E. ADAMS, CHAPLAIN.

Psalm 95th. verse 5,—“The sea is his, and he made it.”

Were you to take a concordance and turn to the word “*sea*,” you would be surprised to find it so often mentioned in the Bible. It is sometimes used in a figurative manner, as an emblem of human strife and tumult, but more frequently in simple narrative, as the scene of divine wonders or of the teachings and journeyings of the “son of God.” We have all an interest in the sea, some of us are separated by it, from home and kindred, and must cross its broad surface to be with them again. Others are thinking of sons and brothers, of husbands and fathers who have left them for the ocean, to roam on its bosom, or sink into its depths; whilst others of us still have made the sea their home, and are familiar with its waves and storms, its darkness and sunlight, its hardships, attractions and dangers. Indeed no one is exempt from a real interest in the sea, so long as he walks on its shores or listens to its deep music, or is related to those who make it their home, or partakes the comforts and luxuries, the art and the knowledge, which are borne to him over the “world of waters.” The text therefore deserves the attention of us all. It contains two truths—First, that the *sea is the property of God*; and second, that *it is the work of God*. We shall reverse the order, and speak of the “first last,” and “the last first.”

I. *God made the Sea.* We need not dwell on this fact; we wish only to bring before you some of the ends of its creation. And 1st, *God made the sea as a depository of life.* The chief importance of the land is in the life it sustains, all its beauty and grandeur are connected with life. *That is its beauty and glory.* This life is ever in our view. It

is in us and around us, we hear it in the fields and forests, by the streams and lakes. Its voice cheers the spring morning and gives tenderness to the autumnal eve. It springs on our path and catches our eye.

From the delicate spray
Where at dawn of day,
The little downy creatures sing in mirth:
From the old roof and wall,
The solemn poplar tall,
From the sheltering thorn,
From fields of golden corn,
From each grand old river
Where nature's hand forever
Strikes her myriad strings,
And each recess flings
Echoes that on the distant air expire.

But the sea has its life also, and that life is on a scale the most majestic, and the most minute. “There is that leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein.” There he tumbles in lazy joy on the sunny waters, and there, as with the might of the billows, he plunges and leaps through the foam. There too is the tiny insect that builds its coral palaces on invisible foundations, and plants its forests in hidden fields; and between these extremes are all the forms of horror and of beauty, that ever peopled fancy's world, each with its peculiar habits and instincts; its allotment of joy and pain; each using up the thread, either brief or extended of its mortal existence; and yielding itself, at last, to the wants of the great community of life, leaving no trace of its career—the restless element where it lives and dies. The sea is a wonderful depository of life.

II. *God made the sea as a grand field for human enterprise.*

On the land we are constantly surrounded by the activities of man. They make up his life. They illustrate his being, they are the sources of his subsistence. The science of industry on land is a profound study, and far too little understood. The enterprise of the ocean is equally marked, is equally a profound science, and less known, although its bearing on the comfort of the world is quite as extensive and indispensable. The soil does indeed furnish the largest amount

of productions, but they must be transported from country to country before they gain their full value. The sailor's hand must be laid upon them, and his life be hazarded for them ere they obtain their highest importance and worth.

That must be an extended enterprise which covers an area of *a hundred million square miles*, employing *three millions of men*, and *three hundred thousand vessels* all on the sea! Now take your stand on some fancied height over London—the representative of the world's commerce—and as you see fleet after fleet leaving and entering the port, follow them outward on their varied courses, to their diverse destinations, or trace their way from “regions afar” to the grand focus of trade, beneath your imagined port of observation, and calculate, if you can, all the wealth, action, thought, care, hope, fear, agony and death! all the relations and extended social influences of the commercial life, moving and spreading itself out beneath your eye! Here you behold a ship laden with the riches of the East, which as she comes safely into port shall gladden the heart of the merchant who counts his large profits; of the retailer whose shelves will soon glitter with the new accumulations; of the man of fashion and refinement, who clothes himself in oriental robes and fills his mansion with the decorations, and his table with the delicacies of brighter climes. There a bark goes down with her costly burden, and a thousand losses and agonies, spring, like spectres, from her grave. There a sail is spreading seaward; beneath it tearful eyes look toward the misty shore, and lips breathe farewell to those who see not, hear not, nor *shall* ever again! Here comes, like a tired giant, a ship from her voyage of months and years, having weathered a hundred tempests, and been held by as many calms, shattered, rusty, and covered with mould, her crew lessened by hunger, and toil, and accident and disease: she

comes with a few hearts weary, but still hopeful, to learn that in their absence, “*gems have dropped from love's shining circle*”; to sit again in the home of their childhood, at once the comforters of those who have waited their return, and the bereaved, who need the solace their presence imparts.

And when you have surveyed all this, and much more that we cannot now recount, descend and walk among the merchants of the city, mark their stores of merchandise, listen to their recitals of gain and loss, go with their goods as they glide from shop to shop, and are again borne piecemeal away by the myriads of consumers, until you shall have entered every palace, every mansion, and every cottage, and seen the million channels into which the rills of commerce flow, and then tell me if the sea is not a grand field for human enterprise! A field broad enough for the most daring, and the most active; for the widest discoveries, the highest prowess.

III. *God made the sea to illustrate his glory.*

By the glory of God we mean his perfections; the harmony of his attributes; the visible manifestation of his being, his character, and his government. Whatever bears the impress of these illustrates his glory. This impress is on the sea. It is therefore a symbol of his glory. *Mystery is a perfection of God.* “It is the glory of God to conceal a thing.” Our worship, our faith, our very nature require that mystery. The sea is its fit emblem. There it lies wide, deep, everflowing, concealing a world of life and treasure, and infinite volumes of truth. We stand on the shore and lay our hand on the restless element, we listen to its deep voices, and admire many of its revelations, but there is the *depth, the silence of the infinite.*

It illustrates the eternity of God. Fathomless and boundless to man, it stretches away like that which has ever been, and shall ever be, taking the whole heavens for its

canopy, and sporting with the glory of their starry heights. Do we speak of the power of God? There is it illustrated. Even at rest there seems a terrible might within the sea, and when that rest is broken and the four winds blow upon it, until "the deep is hoary," do there not arise before us the might and the majesty of Him who wraps the ocean in "swaddling bands" as if it were an infant, "and holds it in the hollow of his hand!"

Talk we of the wisdom of *Jehovah*? We find it in the perfect adaptations of marine life. The eye and fin of the fish are fitted for their peculiar element, as are the eye of man and the wing of the bird to the air. The saltness, depth, and extent of the ocean are such as its living inhabitants, the purposes of commerce, and the health of the human race require. Wisdom is in it all. And that which tells of wisdom, is eloquent also with the love of God. All tends to enhance the happiness of the living world. All is radiant with the beauty and glory of the great Creator. Love is on all the mystery. It smiles over and directs the power. It pervades like a law all the wisdom.

II. We now come to the other truth,—*That the Sea is his.*

All things belong to God. For his pleasure they are, and were created. The sea is therefore his.

1st. *Because he made it.* We claim a property in what we have made. God made the sea, all its life. He gave the creatures that roam therein all their strength, and greatness, and beauty. It is his rightful possession.

2d. *It is his because he governs it.*

"He raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof," "He also maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." He establisheth bounds which it cannot pass. His law penetrates the depths, and pervades the whole expanse. He governs all that passes through the paths of the seas."

3d. *It is his because he preserves the life that is within and upon it.*

Every creature there lives on the divine bounty. "He openeth his hand, they are filled with good." The monsters that dwell there sport in his sunlight, and hide themselves in caverns which he has formed. Man also who has made the sea his home, lives equally on the gifts of God. All therefore are the property of God. He created, he controls, he preserves the sea and all its living forms. It is his to spread a calm over its broad fields, or to break up its deep fountains. Its riches are his, all the ships and their cargoes. His earth has produced them, his winds waft them, his waves bear them, his goodness enables us to gain and to use them. And if he sink them in the sea, he only "does what he will with his own." There is not a more fatal error than the thought that the wealth of this world is our own. God tears it from us when we worship it, and make it our trust. He shows us of how little value it is in his sight, by sending the flame to consume it, or by casting it "into the depths of the sea." And he does it that we may turn from the riches of this world to the treasures of eternity: that the energies of our being may not be wasted upon things so far beneath us, but find a field of worthiest, everlasting activity in piety and heaven.

REMARKS.

The sea is the work and property of God: let therefore, all who sail on it acknowledge him. Do not think that, when you have left your home, and are gone from the scenes of early instruction and care you are beyond the dominion of God. No! He is with you still. He hears your words, and notes your acts, and knows your secret purpose. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I take the

wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me."

He is there to save you in the hour when danger comes and hope flies. He walks on the sea. Presume not in your own strength and skill.

"Thy hand may spread the flowing sails abroad, Snatch not the quivering helm away from God."

2. *God made the sea, and it is his;*

Let those then who live on the land, seek the glory of God in doing good to those who go down to the sea.

They are *there* for you; be ye *here* for them. They bring to you what you *desire* from other shores; carry ye to them what they *need* from heaven. They suffer for your comfort and entertainment, make ye sacrifices for their salvation. Merchants, patriots, men of science and of arts, men of pleasure, men of prayer; fathers, whose sons are on the sea, or shall be soon; mothers whose watchings for the departed are long and sad; sisters, wives, children! listen to the voice that comes from "the wide and solemn main"—the voice of souls,—*"Give us the Bible, send us the missionary. Erect for us the chapel, the Home and the Hospital. Visit us with your love and you benediction, or follow us with your prayers, tell us the way to life, and lead us in it, care for us, be just to us, let us not live and die the victims of sin. Help us to break the chains that hang so heavily on our hearts, that we may follow Christ and go with you to heaven."*

3. *God made the sea;*

Then seamen, as well as others ought to make it their study. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Rise above the level of your class brethren, and make yourselves familiar with the lessons of the sea. Study the philosophy of its storms, the history of its living creatures, the beautiful varieties of its vegetable life, and its profound theology written by the finger of God in the deepest pages of creation! It is said that "truth is in a well." It is deeper. It lies in the unfathomed ocean. But it needs not be forever hid. Let seamen bring it out to the light, that other men may blush at their ignorance, and admire the depths of the divine wisdom and goodness. Go down and bring up the pearls and diamonds of knowledge, and be richer than kings with their crowns and sceptres.

4. *The sea belongs to God, and reveals his perfections.—Then let all seamen love and serve him before the world.*

Your social influence pervades all society. Let your piety do so too. Let the healthful savor of christian love, and purity be around you as a halo from heaven. Too long has the great Dragon ruled the deep. Too long have the *four beasts* of the apocalypse been seen there,—the *beast of intemperance!* the *beast of sensuality!* the *beast of profaneness!* and the *beast of strife!* This night, let me urge you to do battle to *them all!* Draw upon them the sword of the spirit. Begin a warfare that shall end in their destruction, and your eternal

triumph. Overcome them "by the blood of the Lamb!" First wash in that fountain yourselves, and be made immortal for your conflict. Your voyage will soon be ended. There is a haven where there is no more sea; no more treachery, fluctuation, nor shipwreck. Ah, there is a *sea of glass mingled with fire!*—a symbol of the atoning blood all pure and purifying; by it stand the redeemed harping with their harps! There may you stand also, above the changes of mortal enterprise, and mortal life, with the "captain of salvation"; there to sing, in everlasting gratitude to him—

I'm safe in the port of the blest,
Time's tide is all ebbing away,
And I shall forget in this haven of rest
That e'er on its seas I did stray.

How happy that I am at home,
Secure from the rage of the main,
No more on its billows to roam,
Nor encounter a shipwreck again.

A Leap for Life.

As the supervisor of inland revenue at Aberystwith, Mr. J. Miller, his nephew, and two professional gentlemen, geologists, were last week examining some strata of rock in the cliffs between Aberystwith and Llanrhytid, they proceeded along a narrow ledge of projecting stone on the face of the cliff, about one hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea, which providentially happened to be at full flow.

On passing round a projecting angle, "which for ages has frowned on all below," the professors and the revenue officer had rounded the point, and the young man was in the act of doing so, when the rock suddenly breaking from under his feet, he was whirled round with his face towards the sea, and as he descended he seized with one hand the ledge beneath his uncle's feet, whilst he extended the other hand to him, and it was firmly clasped by the revenue officer, who held him suspended for

fully five minutes, during which time he with great difficulty maintained his position, there not being more than six inches to stand upon.

At length a breathless pause ensued, whilst Mr. Miller gazed on a rugged projection of rock about ninety feet below them, and on which he concluded the unfortunate youth was inevitably doomed to be dashed.

But the uncle (who calls himself "an awful coward,") at length said, with all the calmness imaginable, "Tom, there is but one way for it; I'll save you, or we will both perish together," and, with a firm voice he commanded the young man to loose his hold of the rock, which was mechanically obeyed, with a faint reply, "Yes, uncle."

At this awful moment Mr. Miller horizontally sprang into the air, carrying the young man with him; and such was the force with which he leaped, that the check caused them to perform several summersets over each other as they descended linked together. With the rapidity of a flash of lightning they disappeared below the foaming billows, having cleared the craggy ledge, which projected more than six feet from the perpendicular of the point over which the youth was suspended.

To the delight of their companions who were momentarily horror-struck, they rose about twenty yards apart, buffeting the heavy swells of the flowing and returning waves; at length they struck out for a rock that lay about seventy yards in the sea, on which they were shortly seated, and from which they gave three hearty cheers. Their companions attempted to procure their rescue by obtaining a boat, but owing to the breach in the ledge, found it impossible, and had to proceed onward for more than three hours before they were able to extricate themselves.

To their delight, the geologists then found that their brave and dauntless companions had swam to an accessible part of the cliff, and returned to Llanrhytid, not a whit the worse from their perilous adventure.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Spirit Rations and Flogging.

BY L. D. J., LATE OF THE U. S. N.

It must afford every friend of humanity no little gratification to see the increasing interest which is manifested by the public at large, and by such men as Daniel Webster and Thomas H. Benton, at Washington, in behalf of the abolition of the *spirit rations* and *flogging* in the navy. It is highly proper that these two evils should be coupled together and made one topic of consideration; for as sure as effect follows cause, so sure it is that if the regular daily "tots of grog" are dispensed with, the *cat* will be seldom called for, and may also be prohibited with entire safety. Flogging sailors is an attempt to govern them by *brute force*. Man is not a brute, except when bereft of reason, and may be governed by motives which cannot be addressed to animals of a lower order.

It is notorious that flogging does not deter from drunkenness—does not reform the intemperate. I would ask, then, what are the good results? and why should such a barbarian practice be upheld any longer? While looking in vain to find any physical or moral uses of flogging in the government of crews, I do see many evils—only two or three of which I will mention.

First, then, to trice up a sailor in the gangway and lay on the cat-o'-nine tails—scoring and cutting his back until it assumes the appearance of raw beef, producing a feeling which sailors uniformly describe as if hot lead were dashed upon them until a numbness destroys the sensation—destroys the last vestige of *self-respect*. If a sailor were rebuked in a proper way for getting intoxica-

ted, he feels that there is yet a chance for him to reform, and by a course of good conduct regain the confidence of the officers. But after being flogged he feels degraded below the recovering point; he feels that he has been treated like a brute, and now appears to forget that he is a man, or that he is entitled to the consideration of a man; and his subsequent conduct is very likely to correspond with his *assumed* position. It is a common saying among sailors, that a man can never take any comfort on board a man-of-war until he throws himself away! So well is this fact known, that it is not easy for a sailor, who leaves the navy, to find employment in the merchant service, where self-respect, to a very considerable extent, is cherished and preserved.

A second evil lies in the real injury which repeated appliances of the cats inflicts upon a sailor's *health*. There is, indeed, a great difference in the constitutions of men—in their power of endurance; but after having received about six floggings, I have seen many a sailor go upon the invalid's list as unfit for duty. His disease might be called "the liver complaint," or, "an affection of the heart," or, "bleeding at the lungs," when the sailor knew very well that his disability for duty, or debility, was inflicted on him by the *cats*!

The commanding officer, who orders the flogging, and the surgeon, who in all doubtful cases is consulted and authorizes it, were never flogged. They may not be nice to observe always what are the physical consequences of these lacerations. I would not further discuss this point, only adding that the sailor knows what I now say is true, that the

cats often inflict long abiding injury upon his health, and has made many an invalid!

Another evil of flogging lies in its bad moral effects. The hatred, revengeful and even rebellious feelings which rankle in the breasts of sailors towards their officers, is often created and fostered there by this inhuman treatment. Sailors are not children nor fools. A boy may be restored to the confidence of his father, who justly chastised him, and again look upon his parent, who spared not the rod, with an affectionate regard. Not so the sailor. He feels that his flogging has injured him beyond the calls of justice. He and his officers are no longer friends. He says, I am treated like a mere animal—I will not, therefore, be a man; to act the man would be assuming a position above the one to which I am reduced. This is the true moral effect. Then, who ever saw as good or evil, as much subordination, or obedience where the parents were frequently resorting to whipping and beating their children, as in those families where the children were brought under the control of higher motives than those of fear?

But this is not all. The day that flogging is abolished in the navy, a moral renovation will be commenced among its officers. They will feel that they are with crews whom the nation they serve regard as men, and that the crew are to be governed as a subordinate community of men, and not as brutes; that these men are no longer to be governed by persons who are superior in rank merely, but who have both intellectual and moral superiority. This will inspire both confidence and a dutiful subordination amongst the men.

I, therefore, believe that the suppression of the spirit rations and flogging in the navy, will form a point whence a more elevated character will be given to both officers and men, and from whence they will, at least, approximate towards the high destiny which I cannot but hope providence has designed this "great right arm of the nation" to reach,

in extending a knowledge of the blessings of civil and religious liberty to distant nations and the less enlightened parts of the world.

Take the means of intoxication from sailors and they are the last men in the world to need flogging, and the last who would submit to it. They first degrade themselves by drunkenness, and then, in their guilt, cower down to the further degradation of the cat-o'-nine-tails. Sailors often in calculating the consequences of going ashore in foreign ports, put getting drunk and getting flogged together. But does flogging deter them from drunkenness? or has it effected a single reformation from intemperance? If it had been but a feeble instrument in reforming the inebriate, I am sure, judging from the amount of whipping which has been practised, there would not now be found a single drunkard in a government vessel. But such is not the fact. A fear of the *cats* never deters a sailor from intoxication. I have heard a commander promise his men, as they stood in the gangway ready to go over the ship's side on liberty, that if they returned intoxicated, or broke their liberty by getting drunk and staying beyond the time allowed them, they might depend on a flogging. And I am sure that by the time they had taken the second or third glass, all this warning was forgotten. Nor was it because they even hoped for the non-fulfillment of the captain's word, as he had acquired a high reputation for punctuality in this behalf. For in less than one year this same commander dealt out about one hundred dozen of the cats among less than forty hands, a crew only large enough to man a store-ship.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

A Shipmaster's Suggestions.

SIPPICAN, Jan. 1st, 1850.

I was admonished, the other day, on the perusal of some remarks of Dr. Dick, how much scientific men might possibly be aided by facts, which to us sailors are considered

matters of no importance—as affairs of daily experience; and I confess myself somewhat ashamed that the nautical world should have been left so long dependent on so few individuals for information on subjects of so much importance. Indeed, we are indebted to Amasa Delano, Horsburg, Edward M. Blunt, Baron Humbolt and Bowditch, all men of an age gone bye, for most of the directions, observations and principles of science by which our ships are piloted and navigated at the present day.

Why is this? Is it because those men possessed greater talents than others of the thousands who are at the present day plowing and cross-plowing the various seas and oceans? or is it because they so far outstripped their own age as to be considered worthy to bear off the palm from all future experience? I believe neither; and I have no doubt that if the little facts of daily experience could be drawn to a focus, light then might be thrown upon the minds of scientific men, from which conclusions might be drawn of consequence to themselves and to the world. For instance: in looking over my chart of the North Atlantic, where I have pencilled many of the tracks made by myself between the United States and Europe, I find that a certain space had been well harrowed over; and I come to the conclusion that if all the tracks made could be transferred to one chart, no place would be found for rocks, so long said to exist between New York and the mouth of the British Channels. Two of these supposed rocks, I may say, in passing, I have run directly over, viz: the Three Chimneys and The Devils Rock, off the mouth of the Bay of Biscay. About three years ago I ran due east on the parallel (as laid down in the North Atlantic Memoir,) of the former of these, the Three Chimneys, through seven degrees of longitude, in good, clear weather, crossing their meridian about the middle of this direct course and distance, and saw nothing; and on my last return, in running

from the mouth of the Channel for the Western Isles, I observed on meridian, in the precise latitude of Devil's Rock, and by the mean longitude of two chronometers, with observations both morning and evening, I was, at the time of my meridian observations, directly on the spot where the rock is placed on Blunt's Chart of the North Atlantic. These observations were taken with good instruments, and I have the fullest confidence no rock is there. I have had information in regard to several others as conclusive as this.

Of currents, too, much must be known which was not known in former years. I have been led to the conclusion that the Florida stream separates after passing Cape Hatteras, a part of it running more eastwardly and leaving an intermediate space, without sensible current. This idea suggested itself many years ago, on finding the temperature lower in the middle; say S. E. from New York, at 69° Farenheit for a space of 30 miles or more, and 76° in either edge of the stream. I have noticed the same south of Sable Island; say 74° in either edge and as low as 62° in the middle, a space of nearly 60 miles. I have also found a current nearly on the meridian of Gorgis-bank, and in latitude $27^{\circ} 30'$, running S. S. E. 4 1-2 knots. During 24 hours I was steering N. W. by W. 4 knots, and between two meridian observations made 60 miles southing.

This was in the month of March, and I suppose it to be the efflux of the Bay of Fundy, temperature 55° . Another current I have several times experienced between the latitude 35° and 36° N. and from 65° 70° W. setting S. W. about 3 knots, probably a counter current of the Gulf steam, as the water was of the same temperature of the stream.

When bound down across the equator I have uniformly, I believe in about 14° N. latitude, found a current setting eastward of more than 1 knot, for the space of from 2° to 3° , and on return passages, on a N. W. course from Cape St.

Roque, near the parallel of the mouth of the Orinoco I have several times crossed a strong eastwardly current, with the appearance of fresh water, nearly black—rapid, but of small extent, say 15 to 20 miles. I cannot account for this, but on the presumption of its having come from the mouth of some large river, the Amazon or Orinoco, and I am disposed to believe that at certain seasons it may run entirely across the Atlantic, as I was then nearly 300 miles from either of their mouths. Currents often cross each other in open sea; the stronger elevating itself above the level of other waters, and running each way from its centre, as I suppose the Gulf stream does, and perhaps permitting counter streams to rise in their midst, or, to say the least, the colder waters of an under stratum. As I have but little more room, I will but remark, further, that I have uniformly found in the eddies and counter currents of these streams, a very broken and irregular sea, and in heavy weather a very dangerous one.

Yours, &c.

N. B.

P. S. I have had the design of writing something of the character of the within for some time, with the hope of stimulating others, and drawing out from them useful knowledge; and it has seemed to me your Magazine would be made thereby more interesting to mariners. But I must leave you to judge in relation to that, and whether this be a fit article for publication.

N. B.

The Russian Navy.

The following particulars are extracted from the leading article in the last number of the British *United Service Journal*, the object of which is to show that the Empire of Russia is not in reality as powerful as it is reputed to be. The Russian navy, which was founded by Peter the Great, consists of:—

4 line-of-battle-ships, each of 120 guns.

6	do.	do.	100 to 110 guns.
26	"	"	80 to 90 guns.
18	"	"	70 to 80 guns.
4	frigates,	"	60 guns.
24	"	"	40 to 50 guns.

34 war steamers, and somewhat above forty corvettes, schooners, and brigs. The number of seamen maintained by Russia is stated to be 42,000.

Commerce and Navigation Abstracts.

Number of vessels built in nine months of this year 1849, 1,447, which comprise, 256,000 tons
Total regist'd ton'age 1,438,941 "
Licensed " " 1,895,373 "

Total 3,334,314 "

Imports in Am. ves'els \$103,293,220

Free of duty 17,088,932

Imports in For'n ves'els 22,186,554

Free of duty 5,268,733

Total \$147,857,439

Domestic exports 132,666,955

In foreign vessels 91,662,000

In domestic " 41,303,647

Total value of foreign merchandise exported is \$13,088,865—about one half free of duty.

In American vessels 9,169,815

In foreign vessels 3,919,050

During the previous year the value of imports was \$154,998,828, and of exports, \$154,036,436, of which \$132,904,121 were domestic.

COMPARATIVE VIEW.

The annexed schedule shows the number of vessels and passengers arrived at this port in each year since 1834.

Year.	No. of arrivals.	No. of Passengers.
1835	2,094	35,303
1836	2,291	60,541
1837	2,071	57,975
1838	1,790	25,581
1839	2,159	48,152
1840	1,953	62,797
1841	2,118	57,337
1842	1,960	74,949
1843	1,832	46,302
1844	2,208	61,002
1845	2,044	82,960
1846	2,293	115,230
1847	3,147	166,110
1848	3,060	191,909
1849	3,227	221,799

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1850.

A Matter Handled Wisely.

He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good.
SOLOMON.

The other day a shipmaster and a merchant in New York found in the settlement of their accounts a difference of \$61,23; the one claiming and the other refusing to allow the amount. Several interviews took place, too many redundant words were used, and around the horizon of their feelings hung some black and blue clouds which betokened anything but a fair to-morrow. A glance of the captain's eye convinced him that now was the time to make all snug, and proposed that the above difference should be given to the American Seamen's Friend Society, "Agreed," promptly responded the merchant. Accordingly a check in favor of the Society was at once drawn, and sent to the Treasurer. The results of this wisely handled matter, as thus far developed, are the complete dispersion of those clouds, the next day sunny as ever, and none on change shake hands more cordially than that captain and merchant. Besides they are yet expecting to find a *good* in such an adjustment *greater* than all the *gains* of a vexatious law-suit.

A generous Christmas Gift.

On the 25th of Dec. 1848 the good ship Philadelphia was quietly cutting the waves of the South Pacific ocean, lat 11. 30 South, long. 18. West. The thoughts of the officers

and crew were homeward, though their ship headed in the opposite direction. They thought *aloud* of the good cheer, and good gifts of other Christmas days, and of the pleasure it would give them to bestow a Christmas present. So after the steward had served them with a dinner which would have made old Neptune himself smile, they all bore a hand in making up a purse for the American Seamen's Friend Society, and the amount is hereby gratefully acknowledged—
Eighty Dollars.

Death of Queen Adelaide.

Her Majesty died on Sabbath morning, Dec. 2, in the 58th year of her age. She was married to King William IV. in July, 1818, and became a widow by his decease in June, 1837. The pension granted her on the death of her husband was £100,000 a year; 20,000 of which she is said to have bestowed annually in public and private charities. The English Journals describe her as having been a truly pious and benevolent woman. Among the directions given by her in respect to her funeral is the following:—

"I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight; no procession; the coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel."

Her Royal husband had spent several years of his youth in the British Navy.

Sick, and ye visited me.

From Rev. T. E. Taylor, Chaplain at Lahaina,
Sandwich Islands.

Often men from different parts of the world find themselves in Lahaina hospital. When I first entered upon my labors there, I found one young man, who had been graduated from the same college with myself, a few years since. He went to sea for his health, "but he was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." He is gone to the gold mines. A few months ago I found there a promising young man, a native of Ireland. He said he had sisters and friends in his own native land, and a brother in Canada. He had resided in central New York. He went to the city to take passage to England. In New York city he lost his money. He went on board the steamer, in which he had expected to take passage, and tried to agree to work his way, but did not succeed. He was without funds, or friends, and determined to go whaling. He spoke of his sisters with great affection, and by his language showed that he had known what good society is. With tears in his eyes he told me his sisters would feel very bad to know where he is. I tried to direct his mind to Him, who is a friend to the friendless.

My strongest sympathies are sometimes called forth by hearing the history of some, whom sickness brings into the hospital. Far from home and friends they seem to think much of a kind word.

During the year I found at the hospital a man named J—. He called to see me one Monday morning, saying that he attended the chapel on the Sabbath and that it was the first time he had attended divine service (except by compulsion, in a man-of-war,) for twenty-five years. He said the first sabbath I preached at Lahaina he came to the chapel, looked in and went away, thinking it was no use to go in, but said, "last sabbath I came down early, went in, sat awhile, then thought I would go out. Why should I attend church? While I was thinking about it, the service commenced. I was much in-

terested. I know not why, but somehow I felt *queer*. I felt I wanted to be on the side of good people, and live no more as I had done." Then he told me that he had been a very wicked man, drinking, swearing, and doing everything bad, that a sailor could do. He said that he had often been in the fort; had spent hundreds of dollars on these islands. He said he still drank sometimes, and did not know as he could give it up, when a shipmate asked him to drink. I asked him if he would sign a secret pledge with me, to knock off all drink for six months. He said he would, the Lord helping him. He signed the pledge, and kept it sacredly, I believe, to the day of his death which happened a few months afterward. He often expressed his happiness in living a sober man, and being able to go by beer-shops without stopping, and of having a little money in his pocket, without spending it. He seemed a very different man in many respects. He was formerly a rough, fierce-looking man, but now he seemed mild and pleasant.

His views of religious truth were not very clear, but the day before he died I asked him if he trusted in Jesus. With a countenance which showed him in earnest, he said, "I hardly know on what I trust. But I trust something besides my own life. I believe I have faith. I feel willing to die. This was the end of one who had spent the flower and strength of his age in drinking deep draughts from the cup of iniquity. I trust he was forgiven and saved, for though he had lived a very wicked life he had not sinned against such light and knowledge, as do many of the young men who come out in whale ships, from pious families; from the sanctuary; from the sabbath-school; from the family altar.

Now in looking over my labors for the year, if no one else has been benefited, I hope John has; if he has learned the way and entered the pearly gates, I feel that I have not labored in vain. It sometimes gives me a heavy heart, that I see no more visible results in laboring for seamen

Yet I am not discouraged, I am only "straitened in myself, not in the promises, which are yea and amen, in Christ Jesus." I remember the command, "cast thy bread upon the waters," and the promise "thou shalt find it after many days;" I know that the "abundance of the sea shall yet be converted, and then the forces of the Gentiles shall come in." Yet there remaineth much, very much land to be possessed.

Aug. 1, 1849.

Bible Distribution in the Navy.

From the twenty-sixth annual report of the New York Bible Society just published, we extract the report made by the chairman of the committee on Naval Stations, to show what has been done by a single chaplain in one year to give the Scriptures to the seven thousand five hundred sailors who man our ships of war.

The Committee on Naval Stations present the following abstract of their operations during the past year:

The amount of distribution has been, 282 Bibles and 1,939 Testaments—2,221 volumes. These volumes have been distributed wholly through the agency of Rev. Joseph Stockbridge, chaplain on board the receiving-ship, to whose untiring faithfulness, and deep interest in the spiritual welfare of seamen, the Committee bear witness. The distribution has been among seamen of the U. S. navy only; the port not having been visited during the past year by a single foreign vessel of war.

Mr. Stockbridge has generally pursued the plan of supplying the sailors with the Testament, on board the receiving-ship, after Divine service on the Sabbath. From this ship they are drafted on board vessels fitted out at this or other ports, and they are then furnished with a Bible for each mess, together with a large Bible for the ward-room. Among the vessels supplied are the U. S. frigates Savannah and Cumberland; sloops Portsmouth and Vincennes; storeships Supply and

Erie; and surveying steamer Jefferson.

The vessels are generally fitted out for long cruises; and it is a matter of extreme regret to the Committee, that the results of this extensive distribution of the Scriptures in the navy cannot be arrived at more definitely. Particular request has, at times, been made to the chaplains on board, to whom the books have been confided, to report to the Board any thing of interest upon the subject which might occur during their cruise, but it has never been complied with. Notwithstanding, the Committee do not doubt that the liberal distribution made through the Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, accompanied, as it always has been, by his earnest and affectionate exhortations to "search the Scriptures," will exert a wide and salutary influence upon sailors.

A very large portion of the personnel of the navy is composed of foreigners, and the distribution to them has been in the following languages: Irish, Swedish, Spanish, French, Danish, German, Welsh, Dutch, Portuguese, Finnish, and Gaelic. These books are now read the world over—on the coasts of Africa and Peru—in the China sea and the Mediterranean—and everywhere men read in their own language the wonderful works of God. The promise runs, that "the abundance of the seas shall be converted," and in effecting this glorious result, doubtless the free circulation of the precious Volume, which speaks of redemption for sinners, is to be an important means.

If every seaman over whom waves the flag of our country, were but imbued with the spirit of the Bible, what a glorious navy would ours be!

Strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, what strength would be equal to this! Hasten it, Lord, in thy good time!

H. K. BULL,

Ch'n of Committee on Naval Stations.
November 12, 1849.

From the report made to the Committee on Naval Stations by Rev. Mr. Stockbridge we make the following extract.

Sailors in the naval service pass through a course of training which removes them very far away from all moral and religious influences. Daily potations of grog, the brutalizing discipline of the lash, and the corrupting influences of the worst in the ship, added to the debasing influence of associates on the shore, almost destroy their susceptibility to moral impressions.

There is nothing like the Holy Scriptures to remove all these impurities, to dispel all this gross darkness; but the work of bringing light and purity from such a mass of corruption, such a density of darkness, is a slow one. We are confident we have done something towards it in the last year; for we know by personal observation that the Scriptures we have distributed have been read; and this is the ground on which we are encouraged to labor on soil so cold and slow of production. We know that the seed that lies buried a long time will ultimately germinate, and grow, and bear fruit, though the whole process, from beginning to end, is much slower than we wish it was.

I repeat what I have often had occasion to remark, that there are so many adverse influences always operating to counteract the efforts put forth for the reformation and conversion of seamen, that it is not possible to measure the good results of a single year's work. It is an advance on the state of things that formerly existed, that man-of-war's-men will accept a Bible, and in frequent instances care so much for it that they will purchase a handsome edition of it. It is an advance also, that accepting a copy of the Bible they will read it, and become so much interested as to inquire the meaning of passages they do not readily understand. The time has been when officers in command of our naval vessels have refused to receive on board their ships Bibles and Testaments, or receiving them, have neglected to distribute them; but the two notes hereunto annexed show that a happy change has taken place in this respect.

The distribution of the scriptures in foreign languages is a pleasant service, as it often happens that a New Testament is given to a foreigner who has been for years seeking in vain for one. It may be he has not seen a copy during the many long years he has been exiled from the home of his childhood; or it may be that in that home he was never permitted to read it, and has ever desired to reach a country where the Bible is free to all, and where poverty is no obstacle to its possession. Such persons receive the Word gladly, thankfully; and for them, and all others in the navy indebted to the New York Bible Society for copies of the Sacred Scriptures, I desire, through you, to thank that Society.

I am, as ever, yours

in the service of Christ,

JOSEPH STOCKBRIDGE,

Chaplain U. S. Navy.

MR. BULL, New York Bible Society.

U. S. STORESHIP RELIEF, Oct. 10, 1849.

DEAR SIR—Your note was received to-day. I am obliged to you for your offer of Bibles and Prayerbooks for this vessel, and also for the tracts.—I intended applying to you for them, and am happy that you anticipated my wishes. If you can send a large Prayerbook and Bible for the use of the cabin, you will oblige. Shall be happy to see you on board, and also to have you perform service for us before we sail.

I am, respectfully,

B. J. TOTTEN,

Lieut. Com'dg.

REV. J. STOCKBRIDGE, Chaplain U. S. N.,
New York.

U. S. SCHOONER TANEY, }
New York, Oct. 26, 1849. }

DEAR SIR—I have to thank you for the Testaments and tracts which you had the goodness to give for the use of this vessel. I have distributed them among the men and officers, and will encourage the reading of them.

I am, very respectfully,

your obedient servant,

J. C. WALSH,

Lieut. Comd'g.

REV. J. STOCKBRIDGE, Chaplain U. S. N.,
New York.

Marine Committee.

To the Board of Managers of the New York Bible Society.

The Marine Committee respectfully report: That immediately after their appointment, they entered upon the discharge of their duties in visiting and supplying the shipping and destitute seamen with a copy of the Scriptures. They have to report a much larger distribution than any previous year of the operations of this Society. The demand for the word of God among the class of men to whom their labors have been devoted, has greatly increased, particularly among foreigners; and large sales have been made to foreign sailors for their own use, and for their friends at home; in one instance about 150 Bibles were sold on board a vessel from Oporto.

Your Committee has distributed during the past year 10,464 volumes; 4,447 Bibles and 6,017 Testaments. Of this number over 4,000 volumes were given to passengers and sailors on board vessels for California, and your Committee trust, through the blessing of God, they may have been instrumental in leading many in their eager pursuit of the riches of this world, to seek to "lay up for themselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

JAMES W. UNDERHILL.

Chairman of Marine Committee.

November, 1849.

Extracts from the reports of the Members of the Marine Committee.

Had a very pleasant visit on board the packet ship——, captain——, I was gratified to find the captain heartily interested in the moral improvement of seamen. He is a member of one of our churches, and his mate is a member of the same church. I placed in the cabin an octavo Bible.

Visited among the shipping. The Scriptures were thankfully received by the destitute. I was much cheered to meet three pious captains, who have long been co-laborers in the good work.

Among the vessels visited and supplied to-day, was the ship N. H., for Liverpool. The mate stated that he presented one of the Bibles I placed in his hands on a former visit, to a sailor who was washed overboard with two of his shipmates and drowned. When his effects were brought out, his Bible was found neatly covered with canvas, as though it was a valued treasure.

In my visit to-day I was surprised as well as gratified to find a man I had formerly known as a sailor in command of a brig. He was a drunkard previous to his conversion, but since that time he has advanced step by step, till he has attained his present position. I had a very pleasant interview with him, and before I left he purchased several Bibles and Testaments for his crew. Met another pious captain who has followed the sea thirty-five years. It was delightful to hear him tell what the Lord has done for him. He purchased a large Bible for his own use.

As a rare case, I may mention this month an instance of bigotry, such, however, as might be expected much more often than does occur. An Italian sailor on board the Genoese brig——, bought of me an Italian Testament, but on being told that it was a Protestant book, cut it to pieces before my face. It was, however, pleasant to see that several of his more intelligent companions laughed at him for his folly; the mate especially did so, and bought a large Bible with his name upon it, for his family at Genoa, also, a Testament for his younger brother, the cabin boy.

I think that I have noticed a greater desire for the Scriptures than formerly, among the crews of the French ships that I have visited lately. On board this class of foreign shipping, one always meets with politeness, and many things of interest, but also with much levity and indifference. I have, however, sold within the past month, to French seamen, some dozen Bibles and Testaments.

I sold last voyage to the captain of the brig —, from a port in a country of Southern Europe, where the Bible is almost an unknown book, a dozen Bibles in his own language. He tells me that these volumes have created quite a sensation in his native town, and are highly prized. He seems himself to be much impressed with the value of the book, and to have been already much enlightened by its contents. He has made a second purchase of 36 Bibles and Testaments, and says that he intends to fill his village with them, "so that they can all live together like a band of Brothers."* He also furnished money to his crew to buy some six more copies.

I may mention as one instance out of many, to show that sailors appreciate the kindness which prompts the efforts of this Society, the case of a young mulatto, from the West Indies, in an American vessel, to whom I gave a French Testament. After I had left the vessel, he followed me to ask where I lived. On my asking why he wished to know, he did not care about telling, but finally acknowledged that it was because he wished to bring me some West India fruit next voyage.

The captain of a Bremen vessel stated to me, that he had observed an improvement within the last two years, in the crews of such vessels regularly visiting this port owing to the Bibles and tracts given to them here. He said that he had heard a number of Bremen captains remark upon and acknowledge the same fact.

The avidity which the Portuguese exhibit for the Bible is unusual and remarkable. Every vessel which I

have visited within the year past, has bought more or less; frequently each man has purchased one, and the captain several; and in the three last instances, the captains have bought one dozen each for their friends at home. This is especially gratifying, when we recollect that one dollar duty is paid in Portugal on each of these books.

The new Danish Bible of the Society also meets with great favor. The only four Danish and Norwegian vessels which I have visited since its publication, have bought from five to nine copies each; or almost one for each man on board.

Reward of Merit.

The Corporation of New York has recently presented Capt. David Cook, of the British bark Sarah, with the Freedom of the City in a gold box, for his humane exertions in saving the passengers and crew of the American ship, Caleb Grimshaw, destroyed by fire at sea in Nov. last.

A far richer reward will be meted out to Capt. Cook till his dying day, in the consciousness of having rescued from a terrible death between one and two hundred souls.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Honolulu Chaplaincy.

HONOLULU, Oct. 16, 1849.

Irregularity of Mails—Whaleship's—Lahaina Chaplaincy—Honolulu Chaplaincy—Portuguese Seamen—Returning Prodigal—Volcanoes.

A vessel is soon to clear for California, affording a good opportunity to communicate with the United States, via Panama. I hope, however, that the people of the Atlantic shores are not so much troubled in getting their letters as those living on the shores of the Pacific and at the Islands. I thought when the steamers commenced running we were to be highly favored, but the want of system renders our condition worse off than it was before. To receive a letter direct is really the exception, while it is the general rule either not to receive them at

* "Fill his village with them." and this is the way many seamen are filling the villages and cities of the world with God's truth. The first fifty Testaments which appeared on the Island of Minorca in the language of the people, were given by a seaman, who says in respect to it, "if I were enabled to perform this work in an acceptable spirit before God, the angels in heaven will consider it as a work infinitely more honorable than the conquest of 50 cities, and the boon itself as far surpassing in real value the collected riches of fifty kingdoms."

all, or to have them detained as long, if not longer upon the route, than for them to double Cape Horn. There are no systematized postal regulations on this side of Panama. Our only consolation is that ere long it will be improved. American commerce demands that the United States government immediately establish a line of steamers between San Francisco and China, touching at the Islands. At the present moment about 100 whalships are at the different parts of this group, and we have, as yet, no direct communication with the United States. The whaling business is only one branch of American Commerce. A rapid trade is springing up between the islands and the coast. It will increase. How immensely important for the prosperity of commerce and intelligence, that arrangements should be immediately made to furnish the islands with, at least, a monthly mail.

WHALESHIPS.

During the month of September, there was scarcely an arrival of a whalship. We hardly knew what to expect, but on a sudden, this port and Lahaina, were literally crowded. About twenty arrived in one day.—In no previous year, have ships arrived so heavily freighted with bone and oil. The new cruising ground in the Arctic Ocean fully meets the expectations of whalemén. Whales are abundant, tame, and very large.—The species the same as the Greenland whale. Not less than fifty ships passed through Behring's straits.—The following statistics from the yesterday's Friend will furnish you with the prominent facts :

OIL TAKEN IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN. From the reports of various cruisers in the Arctic Ocean, it is estimated that not less than fifty vessels have passed through Behring's Straits and taken oil in that ocean.

The following table will show the amount of oil taken by thirteen ships, after they entered the straits, the highest point which they sailed, the number of whales taken, and the time when their first and last whales were taken.

Ships	Am't of oil.	Height lat	Time of tak'g first whale.	Time of tak'g last whale.
Junior	1900	11 66	June 5	July 15
Jeanette	1200	8 67 40	July 13	Aug. 14
Two Bro's	1000	6 68 10	July 14	21
Marengo	2000	14 69	June 25	26
Metacom	1000	13 67	1	15
Isaac Hicks	800	4 69 50	July 19	14
Electra	350	2 67	7	10
Margaret	1350	9 69 30	21	3
J. Maury	1000	7 68	14	23
Catharine	1450	9 67 30	2	17
Washington	1800	16 68 30	June 28	10
Omega	1550	12 70 12	July 1	25
Tiger	1650	*9 68 40	18	30
	17650	120		

Average oil to each ship, 1312 brls

" " " whale, 147 "

" number of whs to each ship, 9

Upon the supposition that other vessels have been equally successful, the following will be a low estimate.

Total amount of oil taken by fifty ships in Arctic Ocean, in

1849, 67,100

Total number of wh's taken, 450

June 5th was the earliest that a whale was taken, and August 30th, the latest. No vessels as yet reported as going higher than the "Omega," and she was driven by the winds into 70° 13.

LAHAINA CHAPLAINCY.

As usual great number of whalemén, resort to the port of Lahaina. The Rev. Mr. Taylor, writes me as following, under date of Oct. 8th. "The attention at the Chapel yesterday was larger than it ever has been before. We held a Temperance meeting in the afternoon, and a good number present. I think the whalemén visit the reading room and my study much more than last fall. I am now trying to raise funds to finish off that room under the Chapel for my study." Seamen generally are much pleased with the labors of Mr. Taylor.

HILO CHAPLAINCY.

Last week I received an interesting communication from the Rev. Mr. Coan, respecting his efforts to erect a small Bethel and Reading Room for seamen. I quote as follows;—"The chapel is a low stone building, 50 feet by 16 inside. It is roofed with thatch, and plastered outside and inside. All the wood work is painted. A tower or belfry has been erected, which contains a small bell belonging to the Native Church. The chapel proper is 30 feet long, 20 feet of the building being cut off for a reading room. This room is furnished with seats, writing desks, and book case; and will contain a small Library, such periodicals as can be furnished by your subscribers, or as may be contributed by the generosity of such as may favor the enterprise. The Chapel will be free to all who may wish to enjoy its privileges, and Divine services may be expected in it, on all Sundays when ships are in port, or whenever a congregation can be assembled.

Mr. Coan, adds that he has collected the sum of,	\$665,42
And expended	571,75

On hand	93,64
---------	-------

Thus leaving a balance in his hands. Several ships of war have very generously contributed for this chapel. On a late visit of the "Ohio" the sum of \$119 was subscribed. Mr. Coan is deserving of much praise for his efficiency in promoting the Bethel-cause. Although pastor of an exceedingly large native church, yet he finds time for Seamen, and to declare among them the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ.

HONOLULU CHAPLAINCY.

The various departments of this chaplaincy are conducted as formerly. At the present time I am particularly pressed with labor. It is rare indeed that we have so many vessels in port as are now at anchor in our inner harbor, 30 whale ships, 10 merchant vessels, and one vessel of war. Vessels are daily arriving and departing. At least there

must be a thousand seamen in port. I am astonished to witness the general order which reigns, especially on the Sabbath. Last Sabbath my chapel was uncommonly crowded. When I am permitted to witness so large a congregation present it is a source of joy, that our chapel has been enlarged and rendered so much more commodious.

Last evening we held our Seamen's Concert for prayer. The lower part of the Chapel was filled, and I was rejoiced to see so many shipmasters present. I improved the occasion, as so many strangers were present to make a statement of the amount subscribed by seamen, especially whalemén, for the Chapel, and also of what was doing among foreigners, including missionaries on the Islands, for seamen. The following is a brief summary of my remarks:

Amount subscribed by Whalemén for Bethel, from November, 1847, to Oct. 1848,	712,50
Oct. 1848, to Oct. 1849,	595,00
	\$1,307,50

This amount, I remarked, was exclusive of that paid for the Friend. While seamen were thus paying for a house of worship in Honolulu, I remarked that foreigners in Honolulu and in the Islands were endeavoring to promote the moral improvement of seamen, in the following way. Our Hawaiian Bible Society raises annually several hundred dollars. The income of the Society being as follows since my arrival at the Islands in 1842.

From June, 1841, to June, 1842,	\$108 50
June, 1843,	44 00
" 1844,	62 00
" 1845,	292 98
" 1846,	482 46
" 1848,	584 82
May, 1849,	407 62

Making from 1842 to 1849, \$1982 38

This amount, I remarked had been expended in the purchase of Bibles, for gratuitous distribution among seamen, hence it was not true

as some sailors imagined, that no one at the Islands cared for them.—I added, moreover, that our Hawaiian Tract Society contributed, in part, sufficient to pay for the books, gratuitously given to seamen.

At the same meeting, some appropriate remarks were made by the Rev. Mr. Dwight, a missionary belonging on the Island of Molokai. He remarked that he had been a sailor himself for thirteen years, but great had been the improvement among them since the time that he embarked in 1829, before the mast. Then, he said, vessels leaving New York would drop down and come to anchor, waiting for their crews which would be carted down and placed on board like so many *dead sheep*.—Their chests would be so empty of clothing that a rat would break his neck if he had chanced to fall in! In striking contrast with this state of things, in his leaving New York, he saw a crew temperate and sober march down and embark with Capt. R. Gelston at their head, a man so universally known and respected among seamen.

PORTUGUESE SEAMEN.

This is a most interesting class of men, and through them, I doubt not that God has designs of great good to the bigoted and priest-ridden inhabitants of Portuguese countries.—Several thousands of Portuguese seamen are now employed on board American whalships. Those visiting this port are exceedingly anxious to obtain copies of the Bible in their own language. Last Sabbath I distributed 30 copies of the Bible among them, and the previous Sabbath as many more. Several remarked that they were anxious for the Bible to take to their family and friends in the Western Islands.—I have thought that the “persecuted Portuguese,” (accounts of whom I have seen in late papers) might possibly have come to a knowledge of Scripture truth, in this way. It may seem somewhat strange that Bibles should find their way to the Portuguese countries, via Sandwich Islands, yet it is nevertheless true, that such is the fact.

There is meaning in Cowper's lines.

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.”

PRODIGAL RETURNING.

Among the seamen who called at my study last Sabbath, one lingered until all others had left. He proved to be the son of a deceased clergyman, who once was pastor of a church in the interior of Ohio, where his mother is now supposed to reside. For twelve years he has been a wandering prodigal, rambling from island to island in Polynesia. He now seems penitent and expresses a determination to reform his ways.

VOLCANO.

Before closing, I would remark, that for three days last week, a singular, mysterious and dense smoke overspread this island. No one could conjecture the cause, but reports have just reached us that the volcano on Hawaii has been breaking out anew, sending forth immense quantities of smoke, and emitting vast flames. Having no more time to write, I remain,

Yours truly S. C. DAMON.

ACCOUNT OF MONEYS.

From Dec. 15th to Jan. 15th, 1850.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev. Josiah D. Crosby, by Ladies Benevolent Society, of First Congregational Society, Ashburnham, Mass. . . . \$50 00

Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Mrs. Betsey Lovejoy, of Owego, N. Y., by G. W. Shelton, Birmingham, Conn. . . . 20 00

Dr. Samuel Beach, by First Congregational Society, Bridgeport, Conn. . . . 25 00

Gideon Thompson, do do . . . 25 00

Rev. J. T. M. Davie, by First Pres. Ch. Mattewan, N. Y. . . 22 19

Mrs. Ann Williams, Stonington, Ct. (balance) acknowledged below, . . .

Ellsworth C. Smith, Stonington, Conn. by Captain J. E. Smith, (acknowledged below,) . . .

Rev. Frederic Denison, by Baptist Society, Westerly, R. I.	20 00	Rocky Hill, Conn.	2 00
Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Whitman, by Cong'l Society, do	20 00	A. H.	5 00
Mrs. Harriet B. Vincent, New London, Conn. by Captain Acors Barns, (acknowledged below),		A Laborer in Thompsonville, Ct.	1 00
Gilbert Potter Smith, New London, by Mrs. Susan Fox, (acknowledged below),		Two Individuals in New York, a difference on settlement,	61 23
George W. Brown, New London, Conn. by Benjamin F. Brown (balance) acknowl. below,		Cong'l Soc'y, Green's Farms, Ct.	16 00
Lucius B. Blydenburg, New London, Conn. by Captain John W. Brown, (acknowl. below),		Cong'l Soc'y, Stonington, Ct.	97 93
Captain Nathaniel Richards, Glastenbury, Conn. by H. P. Haven, (acknowledged below)		O. B. Grant, Stonington, Ct.	1 00
Mrs. Sarah Woodruff, (in part,) by Russell Gen. Benev. Soc'y Hadley, Mass.	10 00	P. Hancox, do do	1 00
Mrs. Lydia Weare, New York, (amount previously acknowl.)		First Cong'l Soc'y, New London, Conn.	86 00
Rev. Robert Turnbull, by First Baptist Church, Hartford, Ct.	20 00	Second Cong'l Soc'y, do do	149 00
Rev. Edward W. Noble, by Ladies Seamen's Friend Society, Truro, Mass.	20 00	Cong'l Soc'y, Norwich, Vt.	6 00
Wm. E. Dodge, Jr., N. Y. by his father, (am't acknowledged below),		Seam. Concert, Hinsdale, N. H.	11 25
Mrs. Sarah B. Clark, by Presbyterian Church, Astoria, (am't acknowledged below),		Bethel Flag Soc'y Catskill, N. Y.	50 00
Rev. William Olmsted, by Congregational Society, Mason Village, N. H.	20 00	Officers and crew of Ship Philadelphia, at sea,	80 00
Rev. R. F. Lawrence, by Congregational Soc'y. Claremont, N. H. (in part),	12 37	Christian Free Gift Association, Lawrence, Mass.	10 00
Robert L. Day, by Eliot Cong'n Newton, Mass. (in part),	18 32	Rev. Mr. Tuttle's Society, Ledyard, Conn.	8 00
Joseph N. Bacon, do do	18 32	Central Presbyterian Church, N. Y. including Subscriptions \$56 82, half for Mariners Church, N. Y.	28 41
Mrs. Lydia Ray, by Ladies S. F. Society, Beverly, Mass.	20 00	J. North, New Haven, Conn.	5 00
Rev. J. T. Tucker, Holliston, Mass., by his Congregation,	20 00	G. T. B. South Hadley, Mass. for Libraries,	10 00
Thankful G. Smith, by Ladies S. F. Soc'y Sunderland, Mass.	20 00	Rev. Wm. Bradley, N. Y.	3 00
Rev. R. Storrs, D. D., Braintree, Mass. (balance),	5 00	Mrs. Elizabeth Bailey, N. Y.	10 00
Mrs. Polly J. Claffin, by Ladies Bethel Society, Hopkinton,	25 00	Mrs. George Ireland, do	10 00
<i>Donations.</i>		James D. Bailey, do	10 00
Cong'l Ch'h, Bethel, Conn.	9 00	A Lady, do	1 00
Sabbath School Cong'l Soc'y,		Cong'l Soc'y, Phippsburg, Me.	5 00
		Cong'l Soc'y, Waterbury, Conn.	94 40
		Cong'l Soc'y Derby, do	4 00
		Cong'l Soc'y, Birmingham, Ct. in addition to \$20 for a Life Membership,	23 37
		Cong'l Soc'y, South Parish, Augusta, Me.	13 75
		Tenth Presbyterian Church, N. Y. \$22, half for Mariners Ch. N. Y.	11 00
		Cong'l Soc'y, West Newbury, Mass.	5 50
		Cong'l Soc'y, Malone, N. Y.	15 00
		B. L. Kip, New York,	10 00
		W. B. Brown, Circleville, Ohio,	5 00
		Mary Sherwood, Bridgeport, Ct.	1 00
		Sundry friends in Norwich, Ct.	4 75
		Broadway Tabernacle, including subsarptions, \$124 00, half for Mariner's Church, N. Y.	62 00
		Sixth street Pres. Church, N. Y. including subscriptions for Lathaina Chaplaincy,	68 40
		Pres. Church, Bethlehem, N. Y.	23 15
		John Clemence,	6 00
		Cong'l Soc., Enfield, Conn.	15 00

Ref'd Dutch Ch., Astoria, N. Y.	33 08
Presbyterian Ch., " in part	30 56
R. M. B.	10 00
Cong'l Soc., New Ipswich, N. H.	20 28
Baptist, and Cong'l Societies, Mason Village,	2 50
Derry,	10 64
Dunbarton,	12 71
Meth. Epis. Church, Claremont,	4 00
Ladies Circle, Fayetteville, Vt.	5 00
Union Meeting, Bradford, N. H.	6 05
Silas Follett, Thetford, Vt.	5 00
Cong'l So., Mount Vernon, N. H.	11 50
Rev. Mr. Kimball's Congrega- tion, Ipswich, Mass.	18 00
Rev. Mr. Fitz's Cong'n, do do	23 14
Rev. Dr. Hitchcocks Congrega- tion, Randolph,	22 91
A Friend, West Newton, Mass.	5 00

\$1,650 71

Sailor's Home, N. Y.

A friend in Hartford, Conn. 1 quilt.
A friend, 8 pair woolen socks.
Several friends 4 flannel shirts, and 1
handkerchief, with these verses.

SAILOR'S NEW YEARS GREETING.

From the howling of the tempest,
Where the craggy billows roar;
From the icy ropes and slippery deck
We welcome him ashore.

We bless the hand that guarded him,
And brought him safely back,
And we send a *New Year's greeting*, with
A bundle for "poor Jack."
Jan 1, 1850. A. H.

Acknowledgement of Donations,

For Colored Sailors' Home, 330 Pearl St., N. Y.
From Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society of
Hallowell, Maine, by Mrs. L. G. Gil-
man, 3 00
A friend in Guilford, Connecticut, 1 bed
quilt.

Ladies Seamen's Friend Society, Hal-
lowell, Me., 6 bed quilts, 2 dozen towels,
1 pair socks, knit by a *blind* lady, to be
given to the most destitute seaman.

WILLIAM P. POWELL.

Acknowledgment of Receipts

by the American Bethel Society for the quarter
ending Janary 1st, 1850.

THOMAS FARNHAM, Treas.

Albany, B. R. Wood, \$10; C.	
P. Williams, \$5,	\$15 00
Albion, Baptist Church,	27 08
Astoria, E. J. Woolsey,	50 00
Auburn, 1st Presbyterian Ch.	57 35

Batavia, Presbyterian Church,	
19 46; Baptist Church, 6 62;	
Methodist Church, 1 50,	27 58
Bethany, Individuals,	6 44
Big Flats, Presbyterian Church,	5 25
Bloomingsburgh, Ref. Dutch Ch.	6 00
Boston, Mass. Friends,	15 00
Brockport, Presbyterian Church,	
20 66; Baptist Church, 14 75;	
Methodist Church, 13 53,	48 94
Buffalo, Individuals,	130 00
Byron, Pres. Ch.	7 10
Canoga, do balance,	10 75
Cato, do balance,	4 25
Carbondale, Pa. Pres. Church,	9 25
Chili, Presbyterian Church,	8 00
Chicago, Ill. Second Pres. Ch.	
31 53; Third do	
08 51; Fourth do	
16 00; First Baptist Church,	
10 62; Second do	
06 53; Meth. Ch. 8 14; In- dividuals, 41 00,	122 33
Churchville, Presbyterian Ch.	5 02
Clarkson, do do	20 00
Clove, Ref. Dutch Church,	10 77
Colchester, a Friend,	10 00
Cornwall, Ct. Rev. J. Andrews,	5 00
Coventry, First Cong'l Ch. 8 00;	
Second do 13 00,	21 00
Cuddebackville,	1 97
Dover, N. J., T. B. Segur,	5 00
Dresden, union meeting,	5 00
Easton, Pa. Rev. Dr. Gray,	10 00
Ellenville, Meth. Epis. Ch.	3 26
Elbridge, Bap. Ch. (balance)	3 00
Esopus, Ref. Dutch Ch.	5 68
Fairport Cong'l Ch. 8 19. Free Bapt. Ch. 2 50	10 69
Farmersville R. Dutch Ch. (bal- ance)	3 00
Fort Edward,	3 95
Fredonia, Mrs. Irene Ely,	5 00
Green, Smithville Cong'l Ch.	
6 00. Center Bap. Ch. 1 75	7 75
Geneseo, Pres. Ch.	43 00
Glensfalls friends,	7 50
Greece, Bapt. Ch.	9 56
Greenwich, Pa.	24 00
Hacketstown, N. J.	15 00
Hammondsport, Pres. Ch.	10 15
Hawley, do do	8 18
Henreietta, do do 7 00.	
Meth. Ch. 1 08	8 08
Highfalls,	1 20
Honesdale, Individuals,	31 85
Honeyoye Falls, Pres. and Meth.	
Ch. 13 76; Chris. Ch. 1 18.	14 94
Hudson, E. Paul, L. M.	10 00
Joliett, Ill. Presbyterian Ch.	7 42
Kingston, 1st Ref. Dutch Ch.	
18 25. 2d R. D. Ch. 3 50.	

Kingston, J. C. Forsyth, 20 00.		Southport, Wis. Cong'l Ch.	
Geo. W. Ewen 1 00	42 75	31 70. - Meth. 11 30. Bap.	
Knowlsville, Pres. Ch.	17 57	5 30.	48 30
Lima do do	34 00	St. Charles, Ill. Pres. Ch.	4 45
Livvina, do do	23 05	Stanhope, N. J.	2 90
Lockport do do	30 00	Stoneridge, Meth. Ch.	7 20
Lockport, Illinois,	5 50	Sweden,	9 00
Maine, Cong'l Ch.	5 00	Suckasunny, N. J.	5 25
Marbletown, Ref. D.	8 00	Union Center, Cong'l Ch.	4 42
Medina, Pres. Ch. 10 38. Bap.		Victor, Pres. Ch. 14 63. Meth.	
Ch. 3 60.	13 98	Ch. 8 33.	22 96
Milford, Meth. Epis. Ch.	4 78	Warsaw Cong'l Ch. 11 25.	
Milwaukie, Wis.	41 00	Pres. Ch. 6 00	17 25
Monticello Pres. Ch. 10 89. In-		Wauhegan, Ill. Pres. Ch.	6 60
dividual, 6 50.	16 39	Webster, do do	8 44
Montrose, Pres. Church, 10 00.		W. Bloomfield, do do	5 72
Bap. Ch. 5 86.	15 86	Wilson, (coll.)	30 00
Muscognett, N. J.	8 00	Windsor—4 49. Mrs. S.	
Naponock, Meth. Epis. Church.	4 22	Woodruff, 1 00,	5 49
Newbury, Mass. friends,	30 00	York, Pres. Ch. (balance)	7 50
New Brunswick, N. J. Rev. Dr.			
Janeway.	25 00		
New York, Del. & Hud. Canal			\$2903 84
Co. 400 00. A friend, 550 00			
John David Wolfe, 20 00. J.			
Wurts, 10 00. W. E. Dodge,			
10 00. Mrs. A. Bronson 10 00			
J. L. Hale, 10 00. S. Holmes			
10 00. Friend 18 00.	1038 00		
North Cornwall, Conn. by S. W.			
Gold.	12 05		
Ogden, Pres. Ch. 39 23. Bap.			
Ch. 20 38. Meth. Ch. 13 52.	73 13		
Ottawa, Ill. Cong'l Ch. Rev. Mr.			
Whittlesey, L. M., 20 00.			
Meth. Ch. 5 54.	25 54		
Oxford, Bap. Ch. 7 50. Union			
Meeting 7 84.	15 34		
Parma, North Baptist Church.	8 25		
Parma center 6,00, (balance,			
50),	6 50		
Parma & Greece,	4 50		
Perry Pres. Ch. 12 67. Bapt.			
Ch. 13 60,	26 27		
Port Jarvis, Ref. D. Ch. 5 20.			
Bap. Ch. 9 00, Meth. Epis.			
4 78,	18 98		
Princeton, Rev. Dr. Forsyth, . .	5 00		
Racine, Wis. Pres. 26 70.			
Meth. 9 09. Bapt. 3 00.	38 79		
Riga Pres. Ch.	8 00		
Ripley, do do	13 04		
Rochester, Brick Ch. 89. Mary			
B. Allen, 1. 1st Bapt. Ch. 25.	115 00		
Rockaway, N. Jersey, Pres Ch.	14 31		
Schenectady do do do	71 45		
Scottsville, North Pres. Ch.			
14 51. Pres. Ch. 3 45. D.			
Burgess, 50,	18 76		
Springport, Pres. Ch. (balance)	4 00		
Springfield, Mass. G. Merriam,	5 00		
Springville, Pres. Ch. (balance)	4 00		

Sailor's Advance Wages.

The attention of ship owners, ship masters, seamen's chaplains, seamen and all interested in the improvement of seamen is earnestly invited to the subject of advance wages.

Is it a source of loss to owners, of vexation to masters, a premium to improvidence and unfaithfulness on the part of sailors, and an injury to everybody except the sailor landlords?

The Rev. Wm. B. Yates, Seamen's chaplain at Charleston, S. C., under date of 12th ult., thus writes:

"I am now delivering a course of lectures every Sabbath night on the seamen's cause; *its present condition, prospects, obstacles and remedy*. One of the principal obstacles, in my humble opinion, is the *month's advance*. I have taken this up before crowded meetings, and have yet to hear of one sailor who disapproves of my views.

In England they are beginning the reform, and several ships in our port give only a half month's advance; so you see they will be before us, if we do not stir in this matter." Short, experimental articles are solicited on this subject, for the Sailor's Magazine.